

MOOSE JAW TIMES.

VOL. VII.—NO. 48.

MOOSE JAW, N. W. T., FRIDAY, MAY 22, 1896.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Under this head Business Cards not exceeding one inch, ten dollars per annum.

WM. GRAYSON, Barrister, Advocate, Conveyancer, Notary Public, Etc. Office Main St. Moose Jaw, N. W. T. Agent for the Canada Northwest Land Company, Limited, and the Trustees of Moose Jaw Town Site.

J. G. GORDON, Barrister, Advocate, etc. Agent for the Manitoba and North West Loan Co. Office, High St. Moose Jaw, N. W. T.

W. J. NELSON, Barrister, Advocate, Conveyancer. Room 10, Aberdeen House, River St. E., Moose Jaw.

T. C. JOHNSTONE, Barrister, Solicitor, Advocate, etc. Office: Cor. South Ry. & Rose Sts., Regina.

A. R. TURNBULL, M.D., C.M. Office in Bole's block, cor. Main and River streets.

D. R. P. F. SIZE, L.D.S., M.R.C.D.S. SURGEON DENTIST, Will visit Moose Jaw the 29th and 30th of each month.

Regina office open from 18th to 29th of each month.

H. McDougall, Registrar, Moose Jaw District, for Births, Marriages and Deaths.

W. J. BROTHERTON, watch expert. Graduate of the American Horological Society. Special attention given to repairing and adjusting railroad watches Office, South Railway St., Regina.

I. O. F. Court, Moose Jaw, No. 509, holds its regular meeting in Annable Hall, on the last Tuesday in each month, at 8 o'clock p.m. Every member is requested to attend.

Next regular meeting will be held on Tuesday, May 26th. F. G. Herrler, C.R. J. E. Annable, R.S.

JNO. BRASS, Tin & Sheet Iron Worker.

CROSBIE BLOCK, MAIN STREET.

LUMBER : YARD

—AND—

Planing Mill.

After serious consideration we have decided to fall in with the progressive business movement and do business on the only true principle, that is for SPOT CASH. In future no goods will be delivered until the cash is deposited.

We thank our many customers for past favors and hope to receive the same liberal patronage in the future. Give us a call. You will find it will pay you to buy for cash only.

E. Simpson & Co.

Octavius : Field

Wholesale Dealer and Importer of

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Having just received the last direct importation for the season, my stock is now complete in both imported and domestic goods, consisting of the choicest brands of Irish, Scotch and Rye Whiskies, Brandies, London Old Tom and Holland Gins, Rums, Ports, Sherries, Champagnes, Clarettes, Sauternes, Burgundies, Ginges and Native Wines, Liqueurs and Bitters, Bass' Ale and Guinness' Stout, Cigars, Cigarettes, Etc. Terms Spot Cash. Orders by mail receive prompt attention. Business hours from 8 to 10 o'clock.

MOOSE JAW, N. W. T., FRIDAY, MAY 22, 1896.

HEAD QUARTERS FOR HEAD WEAR

Hats, Caps, etc., we ever had, can suit children, girls, boys, ladies and men in any style or price called for.

Ladies' sailor hats, "The Newest," small crown, fancy and plain straw, colored and white, at 40c., 60c., 70c., 90c., \$1. Ladies' common at 20c., chip 25c. Children's sailor hats, all prices from 20c. up. A good assortment and prices 20 per cent. lower than last season. See them.

Boy's straw hats from 10c. up. Also felt. A nice range for the little fellows to choose from. Men's rye straws from 10c. and up to the fine white and corn-colored manillas, only \$1.25. Men's felt and fur hats, all up to date styles, which are too extensive to enumerate. Light colored "planters," \$1.75, worth \$2.25 and up to \$4. When any member of the family wants a hat call and see ours. Cloth Caps all marked down.

CLOTHING

We are doing a good business in this line, which is proof that the goods and prices are right. Suits, \$10, worth \$12.50 to \$15. Suits \$7.50 worth \$10. Suits \$5, \$6, \$6.35—exceptional value; men's pants \$1.25 per pair; boy's pants, 25c. per pair.

See the new prices of overalls and cotton pants. Men's waterproof—good value. Black and Heathermixed \$7.50 & \$8.

Two Houses and Lots for Sale.

One Boat and Boat House for \$20, cost \$50.

One Black Walnut Sideboard, for \$30, cost \$65.

T. W. ROBINSON.

To the Electors

OF

WESTERN ASSINIBOIA.

GENTLEMEN.—Having met you at many meetings held throughout this constituency, I have formed a strong opinion that there is prevalent amongst you an overwhelming feeling of opposition to the late Member and the cause adopted by him in Parliament.

At the same time I am conscious that the division of the forces opposed to Mr. Davin creates a danger least he be maintained contrary to the wish of the majority of the electors. I am obliged to recognize the advantage Mr. Davin holds, as the government candidate, of controlling the franchise under the unjust electoral system legalised in the Territories by the present Dominion Government.

While I am strongly persuaded that a majority of the opponents of Mr. Davin would record their votes in my favor, I am aware that the other candidate opposed to him is the nominee of a strong organization determined to test the feeling of the independent electors, and whose platform is practically that of the Reform party.

In order that the great principles advocated by the majority of the electors in this constituency may be carried to victory I am willing to sink every sentiment of a personal or party nature.

For these reasons I withdraw from the present contest, with the consent of those by whom I was cordially invited to enter it.

I heartily thank those gentlemen who have earnestly aided me, and all those from whom I have received assurances of support by vote or influence in the campaign; and I trust they will continue to advocate the principles which I have represented.

I have the honor to be
Gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,
J. A. GRANT.

REGINA.

A Times Reporter Was Present at Mr. Davin's Meeting.

On Monday night last Mr. Davin held a political meeting at Regina to which the Patron and Liberal candidates were invited, and which invitation was accepted. It had been rumored about that Mr. Grant was about to resign, and although denied by the latter's friends, many were anxious to hear "that last crack at the old man" before the fight was allowed to drop into an ordinary two-sided contest. Mr. W. C. Hamilton, Q. C., and president of the Conservative Association, presided and called upon Mr. Davin to address the meeting at about 8:10. After Mr. Davin had spoken for an hour and forty-five minutes, the chairman called on Mr. J. A. Grant, who spoke until 15 minutes to eleven, and then Mr. J. K. McInnis, Patron, came forward and made a good speech, lasting fifty minutes.

Mr. Davin had the right to reply, which right he exercised at some length. The meeting was noisy and divided in opinion. There were a large number of ladies present who listened attentively throughout and some took part, to a small extent, in the applause. The hall was nicely decorated on all sides. Just above where the speakers stood was the name "Davin" in gold letters. Hung at short distances apart on the walls on either side of the room were mottoes, such as: "Fast Atlantic service," "Permanent grain standards," "More money for local Government," "A national policy to conserve the Dominion resources," "Large system of well boring," "Hudson Bay railway with Territorial terminus," "To maintain the N.W.M.P.," "Assistance to public works," "Lower freight rates," also others. The mottoes represented the principal planks in Mr. Davin's platform.

Buffalo Lake.

BUFFALO LAKE, May 16.—We used to say "What an awfully dry country this is," but this spring has proven to us that it can rain here as well as anywhere else. I think this must be one of the famous wet seasons.

Rev. Wm. Watson held the first service of the season at Barley's house last Sunday May 10th. There was not a large turnout owing to it being on the same day as the Presbyterian church. There was a meeting of the congregation after the service, when G. S. Tuxford was elected warden. The next service will be held on Sunday, May 31st.

We are all glad to hear of the good luck of Mr. Henry Ashford, who was a pioneer settler of this district and who left a year ago for California to try his luck. Dame Fortune befriended him in his quest for gold and now he is a very rich man.

We are all very glad to see that John McCarty is all right again, and that Bob McCarty is getting on famously. We are sorry to hear that John Gilmour is not getting on as well as he might. Hurry up, boys and you will be in time for seedling yet.

The prairie is getting very green and there ought to be good pasture this summer and lots of hay.

There is a large volume of water flowing into Buffalo Lake from Qu'Appelle River.

I am afraid that Arbor day was not recognized as a holiday out here, and that wheat was planted instead of trees.

Elections are beginning to warm up. I am sure everybody who votes will vote for the man he thinks will do his country most good, and not for any other reason.

Robert Gray is out on his farm again putting in his crop. Bob intends to summer-fallow a lot this year, and get rid of the French weed if possible.

Tommy Gray has a fine foal this spring. Look after it, Tommy.

J. L. O. de la Hey and Allan Tuxford made an ox trade the other day, and L. A. Moysey is the proud possessor of a pony formerly owned by James Gilmour.

There were some who wondered why there was no report of the social held last March. I have just got the report back from the dead letter office at Ottawa.

George Francis was gathering up his herd a few days ago. He was here with a good-sized bunch. He expects to have a large herd.

—UN PAPER.—

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Valuable broches and two bottles of medicine sent Free to
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THE TIMES

Published Every Friday.

Grayson Block, Main Street.

Moose Jaw, N. W. T.

E. G. WOODWARD, Editor and Proprietor.

Subscription, \$1.50 per year.

Schedule of Advertising Rates on Application.

Advertisements of Wants, To Let, Lost, Found, etc., when under 1 inch, will be inserted for 50c.; subsequent insertions 25c. each.

All transient advertisements such as By-Laws, Mortgage and Sheriff Sales, Assignments, and also Government and Corporation notices, inserted once for 12c. per line; subsequent insertions 8c.—solid nonpareil measurement.

JOB PRINTING

Our job department is equipped with every appliance necessary for turning out first class work at shortest notice. Prices moderate.

The Moose Jaw Times.

"And what is writ, is writ,
Would it were worthier!" —Byron.

FRIDAY, MAY 22, 1896.

POLITICS IN THIS RIDING.

The political situation in West Assiniboia continues much the same as a week ago. The three candidates are chasing one another in an apparently frantic manner over the constituency, but for some unreason reason Moose Jaw is avoided. It is due to Mr. Grant, however, to say that he has advertised twice to hold a meeting in Moose Jaw but called them off in order that he might be with the others and uphold his end of the stick. The last time the dates of Mr. Grant's and Mr. Davin's having clashed, Mr. Grant postponed his meeting in Moose Jaw and attended Mr. Davin's in Regina.

At this meeting, which occurred on Monday night last, the Regina town hall was packed with men and women. Mr. Davin made a telling speech in which he stated that neither Mr. Grant nor Mr. McInnis were "in it" in the western part of the constituency where the three candidates had been campaigning for the past week or ten days. Where these gentlemen had strong support it is being rapidly lost to them. If this state of affairs be true there appears to be a sad outlook for election of Mr. Grant, for surely it is expected that the bulk of his support was to come from the west. While as for Mr. McInnis, he is building largely on the east, we believe, for his support. However, when Mr. Grant and Mr. McInnis took the platform quite another state of affairs was shown to exist; they at least gave the state of affairs in the west in quite another complexion. So, therefore, after hearing all three gentlemen give their idea as it appears to them we from an independent standpoint are still quite at sea as to the situation in the western part of the riding. At Regina we can but judge by the feeling or more properly by the manifestation of sympathy accorded each candidate at the public meetings. As we stated two weeks ago, we thought this feeling at Mr. Grant's meeting was pretty evenly divided between the three candidates. At Mr. Davin's meeting on Monday night last we think Mr. Grant made a much better showing, and Mr. McInnis did equally as well as at the former meeting. Mr. Davin was not in so good condition after his arduous campaigning in rough weather out west, but made a splendid speech and probably had considerably the better of the meeting.

ARBOR DAY.

Last Friday was set aside as a public holiday throughout the Territories by proclamation of His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Mackintosh, to be observed by planting trees. The idea is a good one and we hope to see it perpetuated, for in the almost treeless district of Assiniboia a little attention to this matter year by year, by giving the trees a care, a dozen years would make a tremendous improvement in the appearance of the farm gardens and the lawns and gardens of the towns. Of course a great many, farmers especially,

have planted trees and for various reasons the trees failed to grow, and a conclusion has been arrived at by the many that this country was not meant for trees. Now, there certainly are years in this country that trees, given them as good attention as you may, will not grow—or live; but if properly transplanted and attended to it is our belief that in most years trees can be made to grow. Some, however, have had little difficulty in getting the young trees to get a good start the first summer, but the winter has killed them either in part or wholly. This is a difficulty, but one that can be met, we think. Do not plant trees in an exposed place. If possible have a tight fence around or near them, or manure or some other means of holding the snow.

This last Arbor Day we believe there was less tree planting done than is usual, both in Moose Jaw and elsewhere. This was caused partly from the bad weather interfering with the procuring of trees, and also from the opinion held by many as above stated that there is no use in planting.

A plan is being very generally adopted by trustees both in Manitoba and the Territories of supplying a number of trees to the school and have the scholars, under the direction of their teacher, plant the trees. This plan is a good one as the exercise instills into the mind of the young a taste and also a love for that kind of work.

The qualifications for a voter as presented by section four of chapter two of the North-West Territories Representation Act, 1895, are as follows:

Every male person shall be qualified to vote at the election of a member under this Act, who, not being an Indian, is a full British Subject of the age of twenty-one years, and has resided in the North-West Territories for at least twelve months, and in the electoral district for at least three months, immediately preceding the issue of the writ of election.

The Sour-Whey Question.

In discussing the importance of quality, returning the sour whey in the milk can must necessarily be considered. This practice is the cause of many bad taints and flavors in our cheese. About three-fourths of the factories in Ontario return the whey to the patrons and if the practice is to be continued it should be carried on in the very best way possible. All the tanks at the factories should be elevated and kept thoroughly clean. The whey can then be pumped up by means of an ejector that will heat it from 130 to 140 degrees. Such a temperature will tend to prevent the growth of germs and to cause the whey to keep sweet longer. Then, if the whey is all taken away every day and no sediment is allowed to accumulate in the bottom of the tank, the quality of the whey will be improved. As soon as the whey is returned to the patron, it should be dumped out and the milk can washed with lukewarm water and thoroughly scalded, and then placed where it can get the fresh air and the sunlight, which is an antidote for all kinds of germ life.

One of the great difficulties in regard to returning the whey is that patrons are negligent. We have frequently seen sour whey in the milk cans at 6 p.m., and we have also seen the whey dumped out just before milking in the evening, the can given a half wash, and the new milk put into it. It is practically impossible to preserve the milk in good condition under such circumstances. The trouble with this sour whey business is the neglect of a few patrons. Where fifty patrons are particular, and will dump the whey out and clean the cans well, five may neglect it, and their neglect will injure the quality of the whole product. If every patron would give this question the strictest attention, there would not be any cause for the present strong agitation against returning the whey. But as it is difficult to get every patron to do his duty in this matter, some other plan should be adopted.—From "Farming" for May.

South of Town.

MAY 14.—As the lark has not been singing very loudly of late we presume his valuable music must be taken up these days in looking for a mate, so I thought I would drop you a few items of news this week.

We hear that Mr. Cambridge is making great preparations for his picnic. Make the dancing platform good and strong, Martin.

The farmers are all busy sowing, but getting along very slow on account of the wet weather. But don't be discouraged, boys, we are sure to have a good crop this year.

Building stables is the order of the day at Springbrook ranches. Be sure and get them large enough, William.

We noticed Isaac driving south the other day. But then we're not at all surprised, as the roads are generally in good condition out that way.

Everybody is going to the picnic on the

HARD : TIMES : PRICES.

Ready-made Clothing at Cost

Hardware, Iron, Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Flour and Feed, Stoves and Tinware, Wheat and Oats for Sale at Lowest Prices for Cash Only.

Agent for Featherstone Pianos

R. BOGUE

25th. We feel sure that Martin will gather them all safely into the fold on that day.

We hear that Darius is strongly in favor of a woman teacher. Hope you will not be disappointed, Darius.

Free has not got his housekeeper yet. We would advise you to get one as soon as possible, as it must be lonely batching.

Ed. Purser says he is not very fond of sleeping under a blanket of white while hunting the feathered tribe.

Joe Sceli was in from Springbrook Ranch last Sunday. He reports grass in great abundance in the hills.

THE WANDERING JEW.

The Voters' Lists.
The following are the enumerators appointed to compile the lists of voters in Western Assiniboia:

1. East Regina—A. Sheppard.
2. West Regina—Jno. Moody.
3. North Regina—J. H. Paul.
4. Duck Lake—L. Bratt.
5. Davin—R. W. Elliott.
6. Camden—Frank Rielly.
7. Pilot Butte—Andrew Martin.
8. Balgonie—David Stow.
9. Edenwold—Ed. Whalin.
10. Loon Creek—Thos. Holtby.
11. Valley—Geo. Mollard.
12. Touchwood—A. Von Lindburgh.
13. Strassburg—W. Simper.
14. Longlaketon—C. Benfield.
15. Craven—L. H. Hoskins.
16. Lumsden—W. C. Hamilton.
17. Bole—Jas. Malcolm.
18. Cottonwood—A. Neville.
19. Pense—Robt. Roe.
20. Coulee—H. Hood.
21. Yellowgrass—W. E. Jones.
22. Rouleau—Alex. Mowat.
23. Willow Bunch—P. Bonneau, jr.
24. Wood Mountain—Sam Briggs.
25. East Moose Jaw—W. J. Nelson.
26. West Moose Jaw—S. Green.
27. Coventry—Humphrey Annable.
28. Pasqua—G. H. Micht.
29. Two Rivers—R. E. Lanyon.
30. Carmel—Chas. Smith.
31. Marlboro'—Jno. Winn, jr.
32. Dundurn—R. McCordick.
33. Bolarum—Theodore Arnold.
34. Caron—J. Armstrong.
35. Parkbeg—W. J. Bradshaw.
36. Swift Current—J. Shoultze.
37. Gull Lake—Jas. Moreston.
38. Saskatchewan Landing—Hill Gregory.
39. Crane Lake—D. S. Wylie.
40. Maple Creek—G. S. Flindt.
41. Graburn—W. S. Buthne.
42. Josephburg—W. Blackburn.
43. Dunmore—C. L. Horner.
44. Seven Persons—R. McCutcheon.
45. S. Medicine Hat—J. K. Drinnan.
46. N. Medicine Hat—R. McCutcheon.

Mr. Davin's Meetings.

Following are dates of campaign meetings arranged to be held by Mr. Davin:

Marieton, Friday, May 22nd, at 2:30. Strasburg, Saturday, May 23rd, at 2:30.

Touchwood, Monday, May 25th, at 11 a.m.

Edenwold, Thursday, May 28th, at 2 p.m.

Balgonie, Thursday, May 28th, at 7 p.m.

Maclean, Friday, May 29th, 1 p.m.

Rosenburg, Friday, May 29th, at 7 p.m.

Davin, at Elliot's, Saturday, May 30th, 1 p.m.

R. Bourne's, Saturday, May 30th, at 8 p.m.

Pense, Tuesday, June 2nd at 10 a.m.

Stony Beach, Tuesday, June 2nd, at 7 p.m.

Pasqua, Wednesday, June 3rd, at 10 a.m.

Moose Jaw, Wednesday, June 3rd, at 2:30.

Don't Tobacco Split or Smoke
Your Life Away

is the truthful, startling title of a book about No-To-Bac, the harmless, guaranteed tobacco habit cure that braces up nicotined nerves, eliminates the nicotine poison, makes weak men gain strength, vigor and animal spirits. No-to-bac is sold by W. W. Bole under guarantee to care or money refunded. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., 374 St. Paul St. Paul.

Everybody is going to the picnic on the

WE MAKE

The best harness and sell the best goods for the least money. Single harness, all hand made, \$9 and upwards; saddles, \$3.50 and upwards; riding bridles, \$1 and upwards; sweat pads, a good heavy pad for 50c.—a bargain. Headquarters for men's boots and shoes. Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

R. E. DORAN

NOTICE.

Wearing qualities, combined with comfort and stylish make, are the all-important points of our new summer suiting. We sell

NO SHODDY.

goods and our prices are right. Call and see our latest in suiting, panting, etc. A

Beautiful.

range just to hand. We can suit you in Price, Color, Style and satisfaction guaranteed.

W. N. MITCHELL.

BRUNSWICK HOTEL, RIVER STREET, WEST.

ROOMS LIGHTED WITH ELECTRICITY.

First class Liquors and Cigars. Every convenience for the travelling public.

J. H. KERN, PROP.

Aberdeen House

Main and River Streets,

Moose Jaw.

Every accommodation for the travelling public. New building, high ceilings, warm rooms, good sample rooms. Baggage taken to and from depot free of charge.

J. E. Annable, Manager.

OYSTERS

In Bulk, by the Quart or
Gallon at

THOS. HEALEY'S

CHRISTMAS GOODS will be opened next week; call and examine.

Grape Jam and Jelly for fifteen cents per pound.

D. McMillan

Wholesale and Retail

BUTCHER.

All kinds of fresh and cured meats constantly on hand.

Fresh Fish, Game, Poultry, Etc., in season.

GIVE US A CALL . . .

D. McMillan.

Break Up a Cold in Time BY USING

PYN-Y-PECTORAL

The Quick Cure for COUGHES,
COLDs, CROUCH, BRON-
CHITIS, HOARSNESS, etc.

Mrs. Justice Nowick,
of 60 Sorrento Ave., Toronto, writes:
"Pyn-Y-Pectoral has never failed to cure
me of a long-standing cough after
several other remedies had failed. It
has also relieved me of a sore throat
and a headache. I prefer it to any medicine
for coughs, colds or bronchitis."

H. O. BARBER,
of Little Rock, N. B., writes:
"A bottle of Pyn-Y-Pectoral is
the best selling medicine I have; my
customers will have no other."

Large Bottle, 25 Cts.
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD.
Proprietors, MONTREAL

PHOENIX SHAVING PARLOR.

FOR FIRST CLASS
Hair Cutting, Shaving, Shampoo-
ing, Seafoaming
GO TO —

H. W. Carter, COR. MAIN & RIVER STS.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

Ottawa Hotel.

Elaborately fitted up with latest improvements. Lighted throughout with electric light. Billiard hall and commercial rooms in connection. Every accommodation for the travelling public.

Choice Liquors and Cigars.

R. H. W. HOLT, PROPRIETOR.

Hogs bought and sold. Fine
Dressed Hogs on hand for sale.

LIVERY, FEED AND SALE STABLES.

First-Class Livery Rigs

Best accommodation for the travelling public.

Draying to all parts of the town.

Premises High Street.

William Walsh's Old Stand.

WILSON AND McDONALD.

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS ROYAL MAIL LINES.

The Cheapest and Quickest ROUTE

To the

OLD - COUNTRY !

SAILING DATES.

PARISIAN—Allan Line May 23

LAURENTIAN—Allan Line May 30

OTTOMAN—Dominion Line May 23

SCOTSMAN—Dominion Line May 20

Lake Ontario—Beaver Line May 23

Lake Superior—Beaver Line May 27

CABIN, \$40, \$45, \$50, \$60, \$70, \$80. Intermediate, \$30 to \$35; Steerage \$24.50 and upwards.

Passengers ticketed through to all points in Great Britain and Ireland and at special low rates to all parts of the European continent. Prepaid passage arranged from all points.

J. K. STEVENSON, Agent,
Moose Jaw.

Or to WILLIAM STITT,
General Agent,
C.P.R. Offices, Winnipeg.

THE LIBRARY WINDOW.

A STORY OF THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.

CHAPTER I.

I was not aware at first of the many discussions which had gone on about that window. It was almost opposite one of the windows of the large old-fashioned drawing-room of the house in which I spent that summer, which was of so much importance in my life. Our house, and the library were on opposite sides of the broad High Street of St. Rule's, which is a fine street, wide and ample, and very quiet, as strangers think who come from noisier places; but in a summer evening there is much coming and going, and the stillness is full of sound—the sound of footsteps and pleasant voices, softened by the summer air. There are even exceptional moments when it is noisy; the time of the fair, and on Saturday nights sometimes, and when there are excursion trains. Then even the softest sunny air of the evening will not smooth the harsh tones and the stumbling steps; but at these unlucky moments we shut the windows, and even I, who am so fond of that deep recess where I can take refuge from all that is going on inside, and make myself a spectator of all the varied story out of doors, withdraw from my watchtower. To tell the truth, there never was very much going on inside. The house belonged to my aunt, to whom (she says, *Thank God!*) nothing ever happens. I believe that many things have happened to her in her time; but that was all over at the period of which I am speaking, and she was old, and very quiet. Her life went on in a routine never broken. She got up at the same hour every day, and did the same things in the same rotation, day by day the same. She said that this was the greatest support in the world, and that routine is a kind of salvation. It may be so; but it is a very dull salvation, and I used to feel that I would rather have incident, whatever kind of incident it might be. But then at that time I was not old, which makes all the difference.

At the time of which I speak the deep recess of the drawing-room window was a great comfort to me. Though she was an old lady (perhaps because she was so old) she was very tolerable, and had a kind of feeling for me. She never said a word, but often gave me a smile when she saw how I had built myself up, with my books, and my basket of work. I did very little work, I fear—and now and then a few stitches when the spool moved me, or when I had got well afloat in a dreamland of my own, I used to allow myself time to read my books, as sometimes happened. At other times, and if the book were interesting, I used to get through volume after volume sitting there, paying no attention to anybody. And yet I did pay a kind of attention. Aunt Mary, who was an old lady, and I heard them talk, though I very seldom listened; but for all that, if they had anything to say that was interesting, it is curious how I found it in my mind afterwards, as if the air had blown it to me. They came and went, and I had the sensations of their voices, and of their dresses rustling; and now and then had to jump up and shake hands with some one who knew me, and asked after my papa and mamma. Then Aunt Mary would give me a little smile again, and a pleasant look to my window, and I never seemed to mind. My mother would not have let me do it. I know. She would have remembered dozens of things there were to do. She would have sent me up-stairs to fetch some thing which I was quite sure she did not want, or which I could not come to unless necessary in case of an emergency. She liked to keep me running about. Perhaps that was one reason why I was so fond of Aunt Mary's drawing-room and the deep recess of the window, and the curtain that fell back over it, and the dark, quiet window-seat where I could collect many things without being found fault with for untidiness. Whenever we had anything the matter with us in these days we were sent to St. Rule's to get up our strength. And this was my case at the time of which I am going to speak.

For a while I had a kind of a dream, I learned to speak, that I was fantastic and fanciful and dreamy, and all the other words with which a girl who may happen to like poetry, and to be fond of thinking, is so often made uncomfortable. People don't know what the meaning of such words is, fanciful, for instance, like Madge Wildfire or something of that sort. My mother thought I should always be busy, to keep nonsense out of my head. But really I was not at all fond of nonsense. I was rather serious than otherwise. I would have been no trouble to anybody if I had been a good deal more sensible. I learned that I had a sort of second-sight, and was conscious of things to which I paid no attention. Even when reading the most interesting book, the things that were being talked about blew in to me, and I heard what people were saying in the streets, as though they were in the window. Aunt Mary always said I could do two or three things at once—but read and listen, and see. I am sure that I did not listen much, and seldom looked out, of set purpose—as some people do who notice what passes in the street, or the street behind, but I did hear what I could help hearing, even when I was reading my book, and I did see all sorts of things, though often for a whole half-hour I might never lift my eyes.

This does not explain what I said at the beginning, that there were many discussions about that window. What was, and still is, the last window in the row of the College Library, which is opposite my Aunt's house in the High Street. Yet it is not exactly opposite, but a little to the west, so that I could see it best from the left side of my room. I took it calmly, for granted that it was a window like any other, and still is, the last window in the row of the College Library, which is opposite my Aunt's house in the High Street. Yet it is not exactly opposite, but a little to the west, so that I could see it best from the left side of my room. "It is not a great divertissement," said Aunt Mary, "but when it is strange, as that she paused there and said in a low tone, "now," and then went on again "for whoever comes to my house, there are any discussions about that window. I have never just made up my mind about it myself. Sometimes I think it's a case of these wicked window-seats as I said. Miss Morton, half the windows in our houses were blocked up to save the tax. And then, I think, it may be due to that blank kind of building like the great new buildings on the Earthen Mount in Edinburgh, where the windows are just

ladies, "and what window may that be?"

Mr. Pittmilly had a way of laughing as he spoke, which did not please me, but it was true that he was not perhaps desirous of pleasing me. He said, "Oh, just the window opposite," with his laugh running through his words; "our friend can't even make up her mind about it, though she has been living opposite it since—"

"You need never mind the date," said another; "the Leelbary window! Dear me, what should it be but a window up at that height it could not be a door?"

"The question is," said my aunt, "if it is a red window or not, or if it is merely painted, or if it once was a window, and had been built up. And the other people look at it, the less they are able to say."

"Let me see this window," said old Lady Carnbee, who was very active and strong-minded, and then the all-conquering cross of the century, the four old ladies, very eager, and Mr. Pittmilly's white hair appearing over their heads, and my aunt sitting quiet and smiling behind.

"I mind the window very well," said Lady Carnbee, "and so do more than that. But in its present appearance it is just like any other window, but has not been cleaned, I should say in the memory of man."

"I see what you mean," said one of the others. "It is just a very dead thing without any reflection in it, but I've seen as before, when it is clean, it's quite enough," said another, "but that's no rule; for these huzzies of woman-servants in this ill age—"

"Nay, the women are well enough," said the softest voice of all, which was Aunt Mary's. "I will never let them rest, though they live, clearly, the outside of me."

"And there are a good many old ladies in the Old Library; there is may be something more in it than that."

"They were all pressing into my recess, pressing upon me, a row of old faces peering into something they could not understand, and a sense of mystery, and a curious look at the wall of old ladies in their old satin gowns all glazied with age. Lady Carnbee with her lace about her head. Nobody was looking at me, and the faint-sing-song, or

or rather chant, of the accent, which was associated with the old ladies, and sometimes they said to each other,

"It is a great want of light in that muckle room at the college," said another, "and there is a window, the Leelbary window, which came up into my story or my dream, and sometimes made me laugh. The tone and the faint-sing-song, or

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SAVAGE HEAD HUNTERS.

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GHASTLY CEREMONIES OF THE NAGAS AND WAS.

Ferocious Tribes Who Slay Men and Preserve Their Heads as Trophies of the Chase—Every Self-Respecting Native Has a Choice Collection Ranged Round His Own Hut.

There are many persons besides anthropologists who will be interested to learn that one of the wild tribes of India, the Nagas, of the Assam border, is giving up its most distinguishing pursuit—that of head-hunting. Scientific India has been put into ferment over the fact, which comes assured on the authority of Prof. Peal, the well-known English ethnologist. The mere Anglo-Indian will probably rejoice to think that his head will for the future be all the safer on his shoulders, and will probably bless the spirit of progress for having touched the Nagas and led them into paths of virtue. The anthropologist, on the other hand, will be glad to learn that, though the Indian first cousins of the ferocious head-hunters of Borneo are conforming to the more peaceful pursuits of civilization, they have not been emancipated entirely, but still go about when the spirit moves them and cut off each other's heads with all the cheerful blood-thirstiness that has characterized them and their ancestors during untold generations.

The Naga country does not exceed twenty miles square and it speaks volumes for the energy of the inhabitants that the past forty years should have seen upwards of twelve thousand murders for the sake of the trophies. Any devoted scientist contemplating the study of the head-hunters in situ can do so under favorable auspices on a group located slightly north of Patkai, between the Disang and Dekhu Rivers, and extending through the hill country as far as the boundaries of Manipur and Cachar. In this group there are something like forty-six villages divided into eight or ten district sub-towns, who are on the let-brotherly-love-continue principle generally at war with each other. The facial tattoo marks are identical, though the dialects vary slightly. In the matter of dress, arms, houses, customs, etc., the Nagas appear to be identified with the Battaks in Sumatra, with the better known hunters of the human head in Formosa and Borneo, with the African skull-taker and with their now extinguished brethren of Australia. It is said they still preserve their totems or tribal marks.

HEAD-HUNTERS, TOO.

An eminent critic in one of the leading magazines complains that the young novelists who are supplying the market now are tragic to the last degree to this he objects, and perhaps with good reason. Certainly he ought to object if it is true, as he thinks it is, that "they make life more unpleasant than it is." Yet after all the human and requires tragedy. What is it in the messenger boy who stops in the city to read "Wild Bill, the Wyoming Terror," but the same instinct which operates in the minds of the severely critical and certainly classical Athenians who were wrought to the highest pitch of admiration by dramas in which the heroine hangs herself and the hero tears out his eyes? It is said that John Ruskin, when he read novels at all, read French detective stories, which he devoured until completely saturated with the tragical, the melodramatic and the improbable. From the very beginning all of us who remain natural instead of becoming critical are prone to do the very same thing. What satisfaction would there be in the story of "Jack the Giant-Killer" or "Jack and the Bean-Stalk" if the giant were allowed to escape? Who would read the Odyssey if the sequel were not resonant with the terrible clang of the bow which disposes of the suitors? The unclean novel, the problem novel, the "higher-law" novel—all these are abominations. But who would care for coffee or tea or cognac if it did not stimulate? And with no blood in a novel, with all the thunder excluded, with all the tragedy left out, where is the stimulus to come in?

A SAILOR'S OBSERVATIONS.

We May Possess a Fund of Information but He Hates to Divulge It.

"Tell me," I said to an old sailor who had sailed in every sort of a craft and into every known sea, "tell me what sort of a place Gibraltar is?"

"Gibraltar?" he queried as he looked at the last of the beer in his glass. "Why, I always passed it in the night."

"Well, about Singapore?"

"Singapore? I've been there twice, but don't remember much about the place."

"How about Cape Town?"

"I hit a man there and got fined \$10, when I went aboard the ship the mate knocked me down. I guess it's in nice place."

"You have been in Calcutta?"

"Oh yes, I can take you to a place in Calcutta where they sell good whiskey for two cents a glass."

"Is Bombay a nice city?" I persisted.

"Beautiful!" he replied. "Been there three or four times, and always go full there for 10 cents."

"What about Tokyo?" I asked in despair.

"Ick-ick-ick. Say, that's a charmer of a town. Good liquor is only a cent a glass and if you punch a feller's head the fine is never over a quarter of a dollar in our money."

And that's all I could get out of a man who might be supposed to have been enough to fill a thousand-page book.

Colonel Ingorsell, the noted infidel, is something more than a mere unbeliever. He is an active and destructive enemy of Christianity. He is not content with having denuded his own temple of images. He must go out and shatter the gods or idols of other people. He is incessant in his public appearances, is advertised as the scourge of Christian belief and takes pride in his position as chief exponent of a coarse and cruel intolerance of faith. Mr. Huxley and Mr. Gladstone might fight to the end of their days over the Gadarine swine, or St. George Mivart and Mr. Tyndall fill volumes with disputation on the biological disproofs of a heretofore without harming or helping twenty people. But Ingorsell appeals to the classes that are little used to arguing out their faith. His clowneries and his blooming eloquence disarm them. And thus defenseless they are robbed of their most precious—of their only precious—possession. What good does he do? Is the cause of science advanced, knowledge made more secure, or a single human life rendered happier? Gifted by nature with an easy flow of speech, a quality that may pass for wit, a melodious voice and an absolute lack of good taste—for of its kind that is a gift—he spent the best years of his life in the wretched, but in his case profitable, business of lampooning the faith of the poor and ignorant. Without venturing a single step into a discussion of religious belief, we maintain that a man who has done this, not to advance science, not to enlarge thought, not to increase the happiness of the world, but solely and simply to line his own pockets, is not entitled to the consideration of Christian people, no matter how liberal they may be in their intercourse with the world.

All true education contains within it positive elements of upbuilding and strengthening. He is not educated who is merely disabused of a few notions previously held, or confused with half-digested theories which happen to represent the passing educational "fad" of the hour, but who is infused and "enthused" with the inspirations of positive and indisputable truths which are added to him as a part of his mental and moral furnishing. The lie is to be defeated not so much by noisily denouncing it as by developing a truth-loving spirit in the pupil. True culture is not nihilistic or agnostic, but cumulative and constructive. Education is not so much eradication as erection. Victor Hugo once said a thing that deserves to be framed and hung up as a motto of pedagogics in every schoolhouse in the land, namely: "To instruct is to construct."

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One of the pests of India is that large striped cat—known as the tiger. So strong and audacious is it that, when hungry, it will spring into the camp of soldiers resting for the night, seize a bullock, or a man, and make off with its victim. The author of "Humor and Pathos of Anglo-Indian Life" gives this exciting story of a man seized by a tiger in the midst of a regimental camp. His presence of mind, as well as his skill, delivered him from the jaws of the formidable animal:

A regiment of native infantry had encamped for the night near high grass and jungles. Knowing that tigers abounded in that region—a bullock and a pony had been carried away on the preceding nights—every one was on the alert. But the defiance of this watchful tiger, a tiger who eight o'clock sprang into the camp, seized a soldier, and carried him off.

Within two minutes a strong party of men and officers, aided by several dogs, started in pursuit. The dogs, following the track of the tiger, suddenly barked and uttered a plaintive cry. The officers, who moved cautiously forward, ready to fire on the instant, when a native hunter called out that there was something in the brush.

The next moment the man who had been carried off was found, walking in a pool of blood, was none other than the tiger's tooth. The poor fellow's side was torn by the tiger's teeth, but not a bone had been broken. When restored to consciousness he explained his wonderful escape.

At first he was so stunned by the shock of the tiger's grip that he was not conscious of the loss of blood or the spring which lifted him out of the camp. When he came to himself, he knew he was in the tiger's grip and was being carried rapidly away to be devoured at leisure. He had his bayonet fixed and this fact put it into his mind to attempt an escape.

The tiger's mouth held him by his left side, thus leaving his right arm and hand free. He felt for the tiger's heart; then slowly drawing the bayonet out of its sheath, he placed its point between the animal's ribs, opposite the heart, and, with all his strength he drove it into the tiger's heart with a yell of pain, dropped the man, sprang forward, and fell down, bleeding copiously. Rallying a little, the beast crawled farther into the jungle.

"I am certain he cannot go far," said the little Sepoy, five feet one inch in height.

The hero was carried in a sort of cradle back to camp, and a party went after the wounded tiger, aided by dogs, lanterns and torches. The bloody marks enabled the party to track the beast to a cave, where they found a tiger with three cuts about two months old, but still clinging to her life, and the cubs were captured.

The little Sepoy, Ram Sing, recovered, and was stationed in the fort at Madras, where he became the best show of the place. Every new-comer to whom he was presented gave him a rupee, so that his escape from the tiger's jaws brought him a considerable revenue.

STRANGE BARBARIC CEREMONIES.

Then comes the dedication day when, to the accompaniment of a village鼓—a huge log of wood hollowed out with a narrow slit in the side and beaten with wooden mallets—the skull is carried away and set up in the fatal grave.

The parents are accorded to the prowess of individual members of the tribe, but travelers in the region being scarce and luck being occasionally against the young warriors, it is sometimes a difficult matter to add the requisite number to the grave by the most honored mode of acquisition, and then

it is permitted to purchase the article from neighboring tribes who have to retain it, as a sort of compensation for certain lack of commercial confidence in the Was in order to retain their own heads on their shoulders, and at the same time to insure the equivalent in silver. The prices run from two rupees weight of silver for the head of a man to two rupees hundred for unskillful or fashionnable heads, and ranging from the whole range of prices there would seem to be a good chance for an enterprising man to make a fortune out of the business.

SACRIFICES TO HARVEST GODS.

The practice of offering human heads as a propitiatory sacrifice to the harvest god is, of course, not peculiar to the Was. Perhaps the most notorious head-hunters are those of Borneo, whose general practice of killing them around the village is identical with that of the Was. Among the Nagas too, much the same incentive exists—that is, the heads are offered to the gods, but sometimes the caprice is said to be one of the prime movers. It is said that one of the tribes did not offer the young men because they had not earned their tattoo marks, then the young men would probably not get wild and go out and cut off a few heads, just as they do when they have grit in them. It looks as if the Was were not so particular, for the number of heads taken are those of their own sex and of children.

Among the Djaks the head is more of a personal trophy than among the Was, and in this case the disposal of the heads is more like that of the Nagas.

The custom is found among the cannibal tribes of the South Seas. In some

of the islands it is not the heads of strangers only that are offered as offerings.

Those that are offered are the victims of being placed on a pedestal. Here however—strange heads being only good enough to gratify the individual owner and make his friends envious—the object has nothing to do with the particular god or the name of any particular god, but only the name of the dead chief himself, who is supposed to stand guard from his reign of vantage over the destinies of the tribe, and who is prevented from going to sleep and allowing these same destinies to look after them after liberal libations of roast hog and porcupine.

Among some of the more advanced Kachin tribes inhabiting the country round about the wild Was, the offering of human heads and human bodies to the gods has ceased, and the god of harvest has ceased to content himself with the offering of grain and the offering of females to whom possibly they eventually return.

The transition from heads to ornaments is more simple than it looks. First men's heads are indispensable. Then with the growth of a spirit of scepticism women's heads are considered enough. Finally, when women are too scarce to be as useful as men, they are offered as ornaments, and this is considered a reflection on a warrior's courage or skill if he goes out and pursues heads for himself. The head is the main thing. It is preferable to be obtained in war—but obtained it must be.

HEAD-HUNTERS, TOO.

Not very far away from the Naga country dwell the wild Was, another people given to the hobby of head-collecting. Not much was known about the Was until a year ago, when Mr. Scott, Superintendent of the Northern Shan States under the Burmese Government, made a journey to their territory as a diversion to the pursuit of a deposed Tsawha, who had been giving trouble in Moughan. Some very strange stories have been floating about India and Burmeh for many years regarding the Was. The country has been, to Burmeh especially, a land of mystery and fable and romance, and it is on record in the annals of the kingdom of Ava that the Burmese, attracted by rumors of wonderful gold mines, once sent a regiment of 3,000 men to subjugate the Was, who instead subjugated them and cut them all off with its victim. The author of "Humor and Pathos of Anglo-Indian Life" gives this exciting story of a man seized by a tiger in the midst of a regimental camp. His presence of mind, as well as his skill, delivered him from the jaws of the formidable animal:

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PLANTING AN ORCHARD.

There is a difference of opinion in regard to the best time to plant fruit trees, whether in the spring, or in the fall. The spring is regarded by many as best for orchards north of 39 deg.

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